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A LOGGERS' HOSPITAL.

There was an appalling lack of ordinary common sense among some of the men in the matter of first attention to cuts and bruises. If the cigar-box of sterilized dressings with which every camp foreman was supplied had "give out" and the foreman himself, generally a fairly enlightened specimen, was not on hand when the injury was inflicted, any kind of a rag might be requisitioned. Even allowing for the wear and soil of travel by boat and trail, I have removed some bandages that I strongly suspected of having started camp life as flour bags, and thence working down through the tea-towel and dish-cloth incarnations to temporary oblivion in the wood-box, whence they were fished out to do duty as dressings. And the home remedies applied. Shade of Lister! Shall I ever forget the gaunt Nova Scotian who limped in with a shocking looking cut on the ankle.

"I done my best towards that leg, Nurse," he said plaintively, as he watched the doctor directing the irrigating nozzle. "I put on a piece of 'bacca first, an' then a slice of fat pork, an' when than didn't do no good I tried coal-oil rags, but nothin' seemed to help it any," and he gazed reproachfully at the ungrateful leg. A different type was the stalwart who came with a cold; not a very bad cold, but he seemed vaguely miserable, and as the weather was severe and we had a spare bed, he got a suit of pyjamas and the first dose of an "every four hour" mixture. So far well, but it happened that we had a rather bad heart case in that required night watching; there was too much housekeeping in addition to the nursing in our little hospital to permit either Miss F. or myself the luxury of a whole night on and a whole day off duty, so we divided the watches, and on this occasion Miss F. was to stay up until two, when I would relieve her. At about midnight, as she was replenishing the hall heater, the new patient padded softly out, a blanket draped gracefully about his shoulders, sat down on the end of the wood-box and began to chat affably. Miss F. told him sharply to return to bed at once, but he waved the suggestion airily aside: the chaps were making such a row walking up and down in there that he could not sleep, and besides it was pleasanter in the hall, and besides he was dry; if somebody would stand him a drink now, he might be able to sleep, and it would be his turn next time, sure. Miss F. stood him the drink—bromide, with a little whiskey as a "chaser," and he went peaceably back to bed, but a couple of hours later, just as I arrived at the foot of the stairs, he reappeared, blanketed, thirsty and garrulous. In vain we commanded and threatened and urged him to go back to bed; he was hurt and surprised at the idea; he put it to me fairly—could a man sleep when they were carting dynamite through his room all night, not to men-

tion the rat in his bed; he had roughed it some, Lord knew, but a man had to draw the line somewhere and he drew it at rats, but if he could have a drink—just one, a small one—he would tell us about his life in the North-West Mounted Police. As ill-luck would have it, the doctor had gone up to the camp by the last train of "empties" the evening before, to see a sick man who obstinately refused to come into hospital, and was to return on the first train down in the morning—and we hadn't a single convalescent with sound arms and legs; so we listened perforce to a lurid account of life in the N.W.M.P. from the point of view of a private thereof, varied by reminiscences of gone but not forgotten sprees, in which one Jimmy, who expanded miraculously into two and even three Jimmies, played an important part; then the gay fit passed, and he wept over a misspent youth, emerging from a corner of his blanket presently to apologize for having lost track of his evening clothes and come to the party in his tennis flannels; it was about then that we succeeded in getting a quarter grain down his throat—he would have become unmanageable at the first prick of a hypo needle—after which he discoursed on the charms of a wild Indian life, remarked plaintively—between two excursions under the chart table to verify the rat—that he was in hell but he was cold, and after grieving for a while over two such incongruous circumstances, added gallantly that he had never expected to meet us there, and was overtaken with drowsiness in the midst of a bitter regret that he could not marry us both. We had peace for the rest of that night, and the next day he took his departure.

Perhaps it does not often happen that a nurse wearies of praise of her profession, but it depends on how it is done; when the compliments are laid on with a trowel, morn, noon and night, by a man who gives trouble enough for three, whom you intuitively know is the kind that will keep his seat in the car for ten blocks while women with babies in their arms are standing, who betrays by every flicker of his eyelashes that he considers himself an irresistible lady-killer, any nurse who wears a plain cap and not a halo, might be excused losing patience with him. Such an infliction we had thrust upon us in the person of a man who had been seized with an attack of appendicitis while on his way up the coast to audit the books of a large store belonging to one of the numerous lumber companies, and as the boat was only an hour's run from our hospital at the time, we got the reversion of him. He was not, from the beginning, too sick to leave off talking, and as he grew convalescent, his frequent spasms of blank verse—I don't know how else to describe his remarkable efforts to glorify the nursing profession—combined with his utter lack of all practical consideration for us, fairly got upon my nerves. He reached the limit of my patience one morning when he called me up twenty-five stairs for the third time in an hour to get him a drink of water—and his temperature had been normal for three days.

"Ah, Nurse," he said, removing his cigarette with a languid flourish, "here you are, ever bright and cheerful. How often have I thought that the splendid self-abnegation that can bless us poor pain-racked wretches with that cheering, benignant glance, no matter how weary your feet may be, how sad your heart, is the noblest attribute of your magnificent calling."

Now I put it to any reasonably patient nurse if her cup would not have overflowed with something of a splash if she had been called upon to bear up under this sort of thing for a whole week. I felt that the time had come when I must either squash him or poison him, and for the credit of the hospital I preferred the former method.

"What, do you mean that stereotyped smile?" I asked blandly, "why we'll be found dead in that if we happen to collapse on duty; it's all part of the drill, like wearing our caps on the ward, and never telling the patient his temperature. Do you want another book?"

No, he didn't want another book; didn't want anything more from a harsh and mocking world but solitude in which to mourn over the shattered fragments of one of his holiest illusions; but his appetite for the light diet to which he had been promoted was not noticeably lessened, and—we heard no more about the noblest attribute of our magnificent calling.

Housekeeping in a hospital a hundred and forty miles from a townsite had some interesting features, as may be imagined; our laundry, for instance, had all the advantages of travel, going down to Vancouver one week and returning the next—except on one memorable occasion when the bundles got unaccountably mixed, and the clean wash took the round trip while Miss F. and I faced an awful dearth of linen with what philosophy we could muster. But the temporary loss of the wash was a trifle compared to being for nearly two weeks without a cook, our sad-eyed Asiastic suddenly developed an insubordinate fit so pronounced that there was nothing for it but to bid him pack up for the next boat; but he revenged himself for this prompt judgment by blocking, in some mysterious way, all our efforts to get another Chinaman; friends in Vancouver interviewed one man after another, but some reason always cropped up at the eleventh hour to keep them in town; they fell sick, or remembered a previous engagement, or a self-sacrificing cousin obligingly died, or something happened to snatch away our Oriental Mary Ann in the moment of seeming victory, and meantime we struggled to do justice to three particularly sick men, and at the same time overtake the fearful and wonderful appetites of seven of the heartiest convalescents that ever did a hospital credit. Heavens, how these men did eat! It would have done their mothers' hearts good to have seen them.

All the camps employed Chinese cooks, also the hotels and restaurants of the coast cities, and ours, such as it was, was the first "white" cooking most of the men had tasted for years, and they did it full justice; life for those few days became a nightmare of dish-washing and potato-peeling, fraught with Irish stew—supposed to be simple and satisfying—with a grim under-current of rice pudding that never quite equalled the demand; what time was left was more than filled with sweeping, dusting and washing of tea-towels, and we seemed to have scarcely cleared off one meal before the corridor outside the kitchen door was filled with bashfully smiling faces on the lookout for a chance to carry trays, and our hearts would sink to hear: "Ain't it pretty near supper-time, Nurse?" "Say, I'm that hungry I could eat a raw dog"; "My, that hash was great!" "If any Chink comes around here we're goin' to chase him off with a club." They meant well, but we didn't appreciate the compliments as

we would have done—it's difficult to accept a compliment gracefully when a dangling tea-towel has just torn your long-suffering cap off by the roots, and the gravy has seized the opportunity to cascade down your last clean "pinney." They were so exasperatingly well in one sense, and yet we could not discharge one of them with a clear conscience; luckily we were able to to buy bread at the hotel, and so we survived until a small, but weirdly capable Chinese boy arrived —how he had been obtained I never dared ask—kidnapped probably—and we gave the kitchen sceptre into his little brown hands and fled back to our own domain. He turned out a perfect gem as Asiatics go; of course he over-sugared everything violently, but we could get used to that, and when the big frost came and all the pipes froze and burst, somewhere between the building and the large cask which, set on end in a depression in the channel of a stream that ran, summer and winter, down the hillside opposite, formed our simple but effective reservoir, little Lim rose to the occasion manfully; he scalded out a couple of empty oil cans (we had neither electric light, telephone nor telegraph), fitted them with handles, and carried snow from the untrodden creek; a big wash-boiler served to melt it down in, and for three weeks we subsisted on wash-boiler tea and wash-boiler soup, and then a kindly foreman turned up with half a dozen men and gave us back our taps; but we would have fared ill in the interval but for the unconquerable Lim. He had an intensely Chinese sense of humour—they are a remarkably callous race—and I have seen him double up with mirth when I have splashed my hand with hot water: "Heap hurt? Ah, too bad," and he would go off into a fresh peal of falsetto laughter, yet he was as good-natured a little fellow as ever lived, and always ready to do one a good turn, it was just the Chineseiness of him, and whenever we thought of that awful cook-less two weeks we were more than ready to pardon Lim his little weaknesses in view of his many virtues.

RENE NORCROSS.

THE PARIS FLOOD, 1910.

For several days the water had been rising in the Seine before the inhabitants of Paris began to look upon the matter seriously. It did not seem possible that anything really dreadful could happen to beautiful, gay Paris, always so full of life and happiness. But the people suddenly realized one day that unless some great change took place soon Paris would suffer. Day by day the madly rushing river rose higher. The boats along its stream began to look like large menancing demons, rising higher and higher on the muddy surface of the rapidly swelling river.

Thousands, watching day and night along the quays, saw first one bridge then another closed to traffic and with nerves tense we watched the water gradually rising, and the arches becoming less and less distinct. The old stone soldiers on the sides of the Pont de l'Alma, from their cold grey bodies, seemed to gaze upon it all with calm wonder and indifference. The water reached their knees, then their waists, the thousands of spectators eagerly and silently taking note of every inch of stone disappearing under the icy water. The bridge was

closed, as so many others were, and still the water with its hurrying logs and driftwood, furniture and barrels, climber upward. It was an awful sight. Then just as it reached the soldiers' chins, and all hope for the many bridges was given up, the waters spread themselves, flooding street after street, turning miles of Paris thoroughfares into Venetian canals, flooding the homes of rich and poor alike, but saving the bridges. Then the suffering began, and soldiers and marines were hurried to the city with hundreds of small boats and the work of rescuing started in, and the delivery of bread to the hungry ones commenced. How the people of Paris worked, and how kind and cheerful all were under their great affliction. Policemen, soldiers and civilians never taking rest, but working slowly on, often up to the waist in water, never losing hope and always encouraging the people. The dreadful fear (for awhile) was thrust on everyone that Paris was lost, when the underground railway tunnels were filled with water. And the sewers burst in many districts. Pumps of all descriptions, old and new, were hurriedly got to work, and tons of water belched forth and black smoke filled the air. Still there was no sound except that of the pumps, and yet thousands watched the work. Everyone was orderly, kind and cheerful. Night and day this work went on, but every day more streets were flooded and sidewalks caving in, and still the people were hopeful and hardworking. Who would have thought they were the excitable French we had seen and read about? The nation that never seemed to take anything seriously, not even in its Chambers des Députés. No, they were more like solid English men and women. Yet I doubt if the English-speaking nations could have faced the situation better than these men did, and could have been more kind and brave than these men were. Certainly, I for one, who never respected the Frenchmen before, am filled with admiration for their bravery and kindheartedness. One little Canadian friend was caught in the flood, but fortunately we got her out before she realized the danger. In fact, she could not think it possible the water would reach her street, although she lived almost on the quay. She refused to bring her clothes, and came with only what she wore. The next day we returned to pack her trunk, but found the street flooded. After waiting over an hour in the cold—and almost in the water—for a boat to take her home, we had to give up the idea of saving anything. A man who was very tall, and earning a few francs by taking people about on his shoulders, offered to carry her, in that way she was able to get her letter of credit and a few handkerchiefs, but that was all. Many did not do as much as that, for hundreds in the country, and perhaps in Paris, too, escaped in their night clothes only. In the afternoon of this experience we went to the bank to draw money so that my friend could buy some clothes. The police had a rope around the sidewalk to prevent people entering it. My friends explained their urgent need of money and they were permitted to enter, but in the excitement would not allow me to go with them. Just then the sidewalk close to the bank caved in, and for several yards nothing but a deep black hole was to be seen. Imagine my feelings out in the street, in the awful rain that never seemed to stop, and the two young girls in the building whose walls were already cracking. I broke through the police lines and before long had my friends safely outside.

The authorities have given orders for the people not to go about at night, or

even in daytime, not to go near the flooded streets. Now, of course, the water is going down and the worst is really over. At one time we were threatened with a food famine, but gradually the railways are getting in running order and food supply is all right. One of the large hospitals, with four hundred beds, flooded rapidly. The police and soldiers emptied it of every patient in a very short time. Their work has been the best and no praise is too much for them. The American Hospital, which was all ready to be opened, was one of the first buildings to be flooded. Fortunately there were no patients in it, but the hard work of weeks has been undone and in a few hours the rooms were emptied of their furnishings, and for a week or so the only way to enter or leave the building was by boat.

Mrs. Dean and Miss Lough, with the nurses, look after the poor sufferers who have lost all, give them coal, clothing and food, and send them off happy. Truly this is a good work and it is what is going on all over France—all classes and all nations are helping. I was very glad indeed to be able to help them a little at the hospital, but with the furnace under water the building is like ice and with my horrid rheumatism it is impossible to remain there long. The work of disinfecting the streets and houses is being so thoroughly carried on there will be very little danger, if any, of an outbreak of disease. In fact, so far there has not been enough illness in Paris this year to keep the few nurses busy who are here.

Very soon Paris, "The Beautiful City," will be as she used to be. Already she is showing signs of it. The visitors will soon return, and she will don her spring attire of green trees and blossoms, beautiful carriages and hurrying automobiles, gaily gowned women and children and, of course, the children's nurses with their long streamers and caps of gaudy tints. All will be as it used to be—the flood will be forgotten and the cafés filled with mirth and fun. I am told the poor are already better off than before the flood. So perhaps it has done some good. At least it is not likely anything like this wlll ever occur again, for now they will broaden the river and protect its banks. The great floods of Paris have been in 1649, 1651, 1658, 1740, 1802, 1807, 1876 and 1910. Let us hope that this will be the last.

MARIE A. TRIPP.

Paris, February 4, 1910.

ON THE RESERVE.

A Hospital Nurse's Experience Among the Crees.

Just as the sun was sinking to rest at the close of an ideal summer's day and the gathering shadows and cool life-giving breeze were creeping o'er the prairie our faithful horses drew up before a little white cottage, and this was to be my home.

The long journey was ended. Uneventful and uninterrupted it had been, save a brief stop-over at Duck Lake to await letters from Ottawa. This little town of many halfbreeds, on the line of the Canadian Northern, is rich in historical reminiscences. It was the battleground of troublesome times, and just

back of the tiny hotel, where I had registered, the initial gun was fired in that lamentable uprising known as the North-West Rebellion, which ended with the capture of that noted agitator and leader, Louis Riel. My dream was about to be realized. It was this hope of mission work which often buoyed up my drooping spirits and gave renewed strength and courage during the strenuous years of training in that far-away American hospital. It that first hour it was difficult to realize that I was indeed in the land of "magnificent distances" and among the Indians.

To-day I feel quite at home in the midst of the red men, and in response to several requests shall endeavor to give my readers a glimpse of a nurse's life among the Crees—a branch of the great Algonquin race.

My mission post is a reservation situated on the Saskatchewan River, 600 miles northwest of Winnipeg. This is the Indians' country, and a great, wild country it is, with its more than 35,000 acres diversified with long stretches of open prairie, deep, dense woodland, its sloughs and lakes. Room enough indeed for the 250 souls which inhabit it. Room enough for the red man to work or play, farm or hunt or to roam as he wills.

The Indians here live by hunting, trapping, fishing, gathering roots and picking berries. A few of the younger men do a little farming, but its success is limited. Born and bred with the Indian is the fascination of the hunt, and its lure frequently seizes the young braves just at the time they should be sowing the seed. Surely there can be no reaping. Can we blame them? Would we voluntarily engage in a work for which we had no inclination, a work which we felt to be entirely foreign to our nature?

Here and there, dotted over a vast area, we find the little white homes. Very picturesque they looked as I saw them first, peeping through the rich, green foliage of the forest, it may be a tent or a teepee, or, perchance, a tiny log cabin, whitewashed inside and outside.

We rap modestly at the door, then listen for the familiar words, "Pee-to-kwã." Let us hope before many moons the squaw will be a more gracious hostess. The remnant of a chair, a packing box, a bundle of blankets or possibly a mooseskin spread upon the floor is for the time being the seat of honor given the pale face. The house in many cases contains but one room, and how they ever manage to stow away provisions, bedding, clothing, babies and the numerous articles one must have for housekeeping even in a very primitive manner is still a source of mystery and bids fair ever to remain a sealed book.

Needless to acknowledge the wall comes in for its share and nobly does its duty. One could easily imagine he were suddenly transplanted into an old curiosity shop. Stockings, mittens, moccasins, frying pans, wash basins, coal oil bottles, shot guns, steel traps, scissors and brightly colored sashes, all have their suspended places, side by side with the skins of rats, weasels, mink and otter.

The mother will invariably be found engaged in manufacturing mooseskin moccasins, either to clothe the many little feet dependent upon her or for sale at the Hudson's Bay trading post on the outskirts of the reserve.

This is the opportunity of informing the medicine woman of any departure

from health among the members of the household. Not infrequently a little one is ruthlessly dragged from her hiding place by a determined mother and compelled to be an unwilling subject for close examination. Whilst the piteous wails which ascend are enough to frighten the birds and beasts—well into a warmer clime.

The Indians possess a quick perception, a strong curiosity and a very retentive memory and every circumstance which occurs and the various objects which present themselves to their view are noticed and recollected. It is not surprising, therefore, that they are very keen in detecting any thing abnormal. Can tell the minutest detail in relating the history, recognize the first symptoms of illness, and in many cases report promptly.

The "medicine man," however, has his little place on this reserve. He has his retinue who believe in him and his strange concoctions. They are loth to relinquish this tie which binds them to the traditions of their race. Various have been the tales related of the harsh treatment meted out to suffering ones by "Cheekoosoo." Should a patient recover, well, his fame goes abroad and wavering faith in his power is revived, strengthened and placed on a solid basis once more. Regarding compensation, he is very relentless, and will take anything which a man possesses, perhaps his only cow—in one instance the sick man's only pair of trousers. The latter suddenly appeared at our door one day, his huge frame partially enveloped in a blanket, to relate his tale of woe, repeatedly dwelling upon the fact: "Arm no well, and pants no me."

In a tent one summer's day I discovered an Indian mother and her young baby—both in a deplorable condition. The mother suffering from a painful breast abscess which was securely covered with a ratskin in the absence of more modern treatment. The little one in a critical condition with a septic umbilical cord. The latter fell asleep in my arms, and as I gazed upon the little face upon which lines of suffering were clearly discernable, there came to my mind the lines written by one of our Eastern clergymen:

Just a poor, suffering child,
No beauty, features heavy and plain.

And the King's voice rings out clear:—
"One of the least of My brethren she
Comfort given to such as her
Is comfort verily given to Me."

"I was sick and ye came to Me,"
Teach us, Master, to hear Thy call,
For 'neath sorrow and pain to seek out Thee
Is the surest way to Thy side of all.

Little Frances was my pneumonia patient, and a very ill child she was. Day after day I was filled with care and anxiety as symptom after symptom of an alarming nature revealed itself. How I longed to cast the responsibility upon

the worthier shoulders of a medical man, but it was not to be.

One with no personal knowledge of Indian life can hardly understand the difficulties with which one has to contend in treating patients in their own homes. The limited space, the lack of privacy, the entire family augmented by sympathizing friends lined up to take note of every movement, the absence of proper diet, the prejudice against ventilation, etc.

In this instance I had carefully instructed the mother in regard to the positive need of an abundance of fresh air, and I had congratulated myself upon the success which seemingly had attended my efforts, as visit after visit the window was invariably found wide open. "Pride goeth before a fall." One evening I arrived quite unexpectedly. That window was down, fast and securely, no mistake about that, but simultaneously with my rap someone evidently "got busy," as the soft, fresh air which greeted me on entering was truly delightful. I afterwards learned that the frequent visits of the medicine woman and that troublesome window were a severe tax upon the optic nerve of that Indian mother. However, "All's well that ends well." Frances made a complete and rapid recovery, and I feel sure the household was appreciative, though not wordily so.

Long afterward I was busily engaged in unwrapping parcels. It was the happy season when we love to remember our friends, especially those who have been kind to us. What is this? What a queer bundle! Out came a pair of mooseskin moccasins. Just my size, and oh, how beautifully soft! How laboriously the skin has been tanned, how carefully smoked. Look! See the elaborate decorations embroidered in such perfect taste and with colored porcupine quills. Oh, here is a slip of paper! "From Frances."

Oh, yes, it pays. How high and great is this privilege of ministering to these "free-born children of the woods." How glad and blessed its service is. I rejoice to be allowed to bear witness.

One Sunday afternoon a young Indian of about eighteen years quietly took a seat in the catechism class. He was an attractive lad and I could not recollect having seen him at any previous time. I soon learned he was a noted hunter, consequently spent much time on hunting trips farther north.

Yesterday an Indian arrived with the following note: "Please come, please my home. Alec very sick, please." Soon I was driving over the reserve with my faithful grip, behind fleet-footed Indian ponies. Arriving at my destination I found the hunter, Alec, the pleasant faced boy I had noticed that Sunday afternoon, but alas, how changed! How short and rapid and shallow the respirations, how quick the pulse. The mercury just leaps, as it were, not satisfied until it had recorded 105°—the short, sharp cough, the intense pain located in the region of the right lung. Another battle with dreaded pneumonia!

"Oh, Thou, the Great Physician, I cast myself entirely on Thee. Be pleased to give wisdom to Thy servant, guide and direct her in this work for Thee, and crown her labors with success. Amen."

It is night. A hurried rap, and in comes an Indian carrying his beacon light—a lantern. "What is the matter, Solomon, who is sick?" "Come, my wife wants you," is the laconic reply. It is enough. Solomon's home is the

nearest cabin. So a few minutes later I am fighting a case of hemorrhage of the lungs. Fortunately it was winter and snow and ice near at hand.

The great "white plague" in various forms has a strong hold upon the Indian. How best to deal with this gigantic evil is a question which is occupying the brightest minds in every civilized country of the globe to-day. The Department of Indian Affairs, not unmindful of its people in co-operation with the Church, is taking steps to relieve the condition by the establishment of hospitals and sanatoria and by sending graduate nurses to live and work on the various reserves. Since my arrival a dispensary has been fitted up, which has quite an active service.

It is Saturday and the tiny room is a hive of activity. First comes a hardy looking young Indian to tell me he has a lame shoulder; then a school girl with glandular swelling of the neck. Here is an aged man, he cannot sleep at night, "Sometime, heart jumps, no good, me think." "Oh, yes, Bear Paw's heart is very good; indigestion perhaps." Solemnity has now given way, and the news is received with evident pleasure. "Me glad, one doctor say one time heart good, you say heart good, me glad."

"Well, Sydney, my brave little man, come here." Oh, how full of fear are the large, lustrous eyes turned full upon me. This time it is a dressing, broken down glands of a scrofulous nature. Sydney gets a large red apple as reward for his bravery and goes on his way rejoicing.

I hope nothing serious is the matter with "my boy" is the thought which comes instinctively to mind as a lad of about ten years comes upon the scene. It is well known throughout the reserve that Willie has found favor in the sight of the medicine woman owing to his devotion to class work and bright, cheerful manner. A little moccasined foot is shyly elevated to a chair as he points to his stocking uttering the one word "broke." Sure enough! and those new stockings which were finished only last Saturday night at exactly twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, but boys will be boys, and this one is no exception to the rule. A needle is procured and some suturing is done without the aid of chloroform.

"How is the baby, Sophia?" I ask a tall, slender girl who appears in the doorway. The baby is my first thought. She only arrived last week, and on Sunday next the holy rite of baptism is to be administered. Sophia's mission is a happy one. Will the white woman name the baby and be her godmother?

A face is peering in the window, a quaint custom of this people. I must needs go out to investigate and cordially invite the visitor in. She is a victim of conjunctivitis in a severe form.

Look! Here comes a young Indian in saddle at full speed. He carelessly throws the guiding rope over the horse's head, hastily dismounts and thrusts a note into my hand. "A woman bleeds to death. Come quick." At the end of nine long miles I find what at first appears to be an obstinate case of epistaxis, but later proved to be aneurism of an artery. The patient had lain through the long, long hours of darkness without attention, and as the morning's light feebly struggled in through the narrow windows it fell upon a sad scene. A cheerless room, upon the floor an Indian woman lay dying. She is now on the

very border of eternity—in another moment I look sadly round upon the little red family left motherless.

I fancy we all have our day dreams, and sometimes wished we lived in the "Never, Never Land" in the age of Cinderella and her fairy godmother. The writer dreamed dreams and saw visions. Visions of a baby organ and—and—a hospital and both seemed to be for this mission. And behold, she awakened and it came to pass! Through the generosity of a Montreal firm the former has arrived and is a little marvel, and as I write a letter is before me—such a happy letter—it assures me that in the early spring a building will be pushed rapidly forward, quite in keeping with our needs, at a cost of $3,000. Surely we have reason to "thank God and take courage." More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Let us take a peep into the mission school. Yes, I quite agree with Thomson:

" It is a delightful task,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

Here are thirty children. They take a lively interest in their work and are making good progress. Here I may be found two hours every morning, then away the children scamper to the mission house for dinner—then another session of wrestling with the King's English. Perhaps this is Friday. If so, the red yarn will come out, needles and crochet hooks will fly in obedience to nimble fingers, as the girls thoroughly enjoy their industrial classes. Do you notice the badges pinned upon their frocks? Well, the wearers of them are members of the Legion of the West and from time to time contribute letters to the children's page of the Winnipeg Free Press. They wear with pride their membership buttons. They are all fond of jewelry and prize it not so much for its value as its brightness, size and number of flashing jewels. I was greatly amused one day to find securely pinned to little Caroline's dress a beautiful diamond breastpin from Ryrie's—I mean from Ryrie's catalogue.

Perhaps no missions to the heathen have been crowned with greater success than those to the North American aborigines. A visit to the various missions will bear abundant witness. It has been clearly demonstrated again and again that the Indians are capable of being exalted in the scale of existence and of arriving at eminence in the arts and sciences. To raise this people intellectually, to surround them with the comforts of civilization, to rescue them from the gloom of superstition, to mould their hearts to Christian kindness and to cheer their dying hour with a well founded hope of immortal glory and blessedness, constitute an aggregate of good for which both Church and State are laboring on and on.

It is Sunday. Of course I shall take you to church. Listen! hear the soft mellow tones of the bell, calling the redmen together to worship the Kitch-e-mon-e-too or "Great Spirit."

Yes, the church—St. Stephen's Church—is in that direction, but it is entirely hidden from view, it is in the woodland, small and white in a background of deep green. The church is filled. Rain or shine, through summer's heat and winter's snows the Indians are found in their places when on the reserve. Perhaps for one brief moment at this hour our thoughts may fly home-

ward to the stately church we love so well and which we left behind. In fancy we hear the deep tones of the powerful organ, see the talented organist and vested choir, the softly shaded lights, the large, fashionable congregation. We are once more in the familiar pew. Our reverie is soon broken as we hear the voices of the Indians blending in that familiar hymn:

Kisiwak ne Munetoom,
Kisiwak Keya.

Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

These are God's people. They have been received into His Church by holy baptism and later have ratified these promises. Yes, have solemnly promised with God's help to be steadfast and true against Satan, the flesh and the world. And their songs of praise and thanksgiving are as acceptable to Him as those offered by crowned heads.

The native oratory of some of the Indians is proverbial and their speeches on the interests of their tribe have been characterized with brilliancy and pathos and has caused them to be enrolled among the sons of genius. Many of them afford proof that they possess acute and comprehensive minds. I firmly believe the day will come when the Indian will assume a good rank among the nations and will take his place side by side with his white brother.

To-day we will listen to the young native missionary unfold to his countrymen the wonderful scheme of redeeming mercy with a brilliancy rendered more splendid by cultivation and a pathos made doubly tender by the softening influence of the gospel.

We linger for a moment at the churchyard gate. We note the numerous mounds, each marked by a simple wooden cross painted white. It tells the story, "died in the faith." In the centre stands a solitary marble monument, tall and erect like a sentinel. It marks the resting place of a former beloved chief. "Erected by his band of Indians," is traced upon its surface.

As we wend our way homeward down the narrow, well-trodden path through the woodland over and over again come to mind the words: "For herein is the saying true, 'One soweth and another reapeth'—others have labored and ye are entered into their labors."

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace. With loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

ANNA ASENATH HAWLEY.

ON NURSES AND NURSING*.

Each of us is mentally so fashioned that she consciously establishes a standard all her own. We must see and believe from an individual standpoint the beauty, purity and goodness that appeal to us. No matter what this, that or the other person may think, deep in our own thoughts we weigh and judge for ourselves in final estimate. This is the view of the optimist. The pessimist will see differently, while from an individual point of view both may be right. Carlyle says, "He that can discern the loveliness of things we call poet, painter, man of genius, gifted, lovable." But now all things whatsoever we look upon are emblems to us of the highest God, I add that more so than any of them is man such an emblem.

"The true shekinah is man," is the celebrated saying of St. Crysostom. "The essence of our being the mystery in us which calls itself 'I.' Thus we touch Heaven when we lay hands on a human body."

This may sound like mere rhetoric, but it is not so. If well meditated it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression in such words as can be had of the actual truth. We are the miracle of miracles—the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it. We know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know.

This gives to us as nurses in a broad sense something of the value of a human life which we endeavor to save.

We know common sense, study, industry and honesty are necessary to our success if we would be successful. (Perhaps it is necessary to emphasise honesty, for sometimes dishonor is seen among nurses as well as in other walks of life.) The successful nurse knows—rules are made to aid and direct and are only a guide to action, not a restriction, to the person of earnest and honest endeavor. We must not forget that wisdom and knowledge come only to those who are in search of it. Neither must we lose our individuality. In many cases it is necessary to control both patient and friends in a manner which they will not be conscious of. The knowledge of people enters into this part of our work.

We nurses need to have eyes to see ourselves, or have our eyes opened. As Burns puts it:

> "Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us."

We have almost infinite possibilities provided we have self-control, if we cannot control ourselves how are we to control others? If we practise every day the art of looking for and seeing the good qualities in others much unpleasantness might be avoided. Somebody has said:

> There is so much bad in the best of us,
> And so much good in the worst of us,
> That it hardly behooves the best of us
> To talk about the rest of us.

The true woman is she whose eyes are opened so that she may see the ele-

**Read before the Alumnæ Association of Riverdale Isolation Hospital, Toronto.*

ments of the great, the permanent, the infinite, as they really are in ordinary life around us. Are we then less women because we are nurses? My answer is No! We are women first and nurses afterward. We are women armed with the knowledge gained in our training in the art of caring for the sick and afflicted, that same knowledge which enables each nurse to do all in her power to save life. In other words, each nurse is a life saver.

As nurses we need to be broad and liberal in our views, meet and master difficulties as all the assurance we have of life, happiness and every ideal is only for to-day, and to-day is the happiest day of our lives. It is well for us to cultivate wit and humor stories of wholesome character, that gives us a hearty laugh. Be able to distinguish between the hearty laugh and the silly giggle one so often hears, as the sense of mirth adds greatly to our success. There is much of truth in these lines:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this dear old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.

Above all we are to be women of character. Loyal, pure in thought and life, patient, kind and sympathetic, not lacking in forbearance, controlling ourselves in the most trying circumstances, bright, cheerful and entertaining while at the same time serious and firm when necessary, not forgetting that tact is one of the essentials in the makeup of the nurse. Lastly: Our compensation apart from a financial one, is the consciousness of duty well performed, as well as the heartfelt gratitude of our patient and our patient's friends.

SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou my friend canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arriving,
Thou hast also known too well!

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe. —Burns.

JANET G. McNEILL.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

In 1903 a few energetic women in Brantford met together, and having obtained the sanction of the Board of Governors of the John H. Stratford Hospital, decided to form a Woman's Hospital Aid Society to assist the hospital in every possible way, especially in the purchase of linen, bedding and small comforts for the sick, to provide special delicacies, and to decorate at Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving, and generally to provide as far as possible for the sick and needy. In order that all women might have the privilege of becoming

members of the W. H. A. the annual fee was put at twenty-five cents a year; life members' fees, $25.00.

A strong committee was formed, which, with few changes, continue to carry on the work from year to year. Liberal subscriptions were given by the citizens and funds have been raised by means of "Talent" teas, linen showers, rummage sales, street-car days, carnivals, and calendar funds. The committee never spare time or trouble. Before the first rummage sale the committee women themselves distributed small circulars all over the city, stating the dates upon which they would call for "old clo's," etc., and afterwards followed the carts in order no contributions should be overlooked, all of which caused much amusement to their non-interested sisters.

RESULTS.

Since 1903 the women of Brantford, by their exertions, have bought and handed over to the Mayor and his successors an ambulance for contagious diseases, costing $410.00.

A new laundry has been built and equipped with the best steam laundry plant, at a cost of $2,548.85.

One hundred and thirty-nine dollars and ninety cents was spent in furnishing a sitting room for the nurses.

An elevator for the use of the patients, costing about $1,000, was partially paid for by the W. H. A. Linen in large quantities is regularly supplied, also six invalid chairs, pretty china for private wards, and dainty etceteras to make the wards more homelike.

The necessity of a home for the nurses has long been felt, with undaunted energy the W. H. A. decided also to work for this object, with the result that they have $8,000 in hand. Plans have been prepared, and it is confidently hoped the early spring will see the beginning of this much-needed home.

S. J. STRATFORD.

THE OSHAWA HOSPITAL.

Three years ago a few ladies of Oshawa formed themselves into an Auxiliary to work for a hospital in this thriving, go-ahead manufacturing town. It was forcibly impressed on those ladies that we were in some need of such an institution, as the town was rapidly growing and many sad instances were brought before them of suffering and mortality that might have been mitigated with such an agency as a well-kept hospital.

The various schemes, such as concerts, bazaar and talent money were begun, and this noble band labored incessantly until the month of December, the close of three years' operations, when they realized the time was opportune for seeking the aid of the sterner sex and beginning a vigorous campaign in behalf of a hospital for our good town.

In these three years it might be said they accumulated some $2,500, and it was felt they had about expended their energies in small ventures and that to bring the scheme to a practical issue a strong committee was formed, and the 20th and 21st days of December were set apart for a mighty effort to raise the sum of $20,000 by way of subscriptions. In view of the fact that during the

month of June last year a similar campaign was carried out to build a Y. M. C. A. building here, and the large amount of $22,000 was raised thereby, it was felt that it was a great undertaking to begin another campaign so soon.

On the evening of the 21st of December the canvassers met the Women's Auxiliary at Tod's parlors, and announced the result, and much rejoicing was indulged in when it was learned the effort was entirely successful. Since that date other donations have come in and success is assured.

Building operations were begun the next day, and the building is being reared up rapidly, thus showing that the citizens mean to do the right thing. Much has still to be done, but everyone is assisting and we look forward to opening the hospital on the first of May or June.

Special mention might be made of the labors of Mrs. R. Williams, the worthy President; Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin, a former President; Mrs. J. O. Henry, the splendid Secretary; Miss Mothersill, Treasurer. These, with Mrs. John Bailes, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Morphy, Mrs. Schofield and other workers, vied with each other in the good cause and brought this splendid result. The canvassers during the campaign were J. D. Storie, Chairman; J. P. Owens, Treasurer; W. E. N. Sinclair, Secretary pro tem; J. W. Bailes, J. W. Watson, Captain Jordan, S.A., Rev. and Mrs. Hall, Rev. J. Hodges and others. The committee is an active one with Mr. W. B. Picket as Secretary, and they work in harmony with the ladies but on different lines, but are constantly in touch with each other. Such a record of deeds accomplished under trying conditions is worthy of recital, and the scribe, who has been asked by the editor for a brief history of the work, has great pleasure in concluding by saying that it has indeed been a labor of love and sacrifice, and all feel they have been greatly benefited by the evidences of loyalty and devotion shown to so good a cause.

Oshawa. W. B. PUCKETT.

Jacob R. Wright, of Huron township, donated $10 to the hospital at Kincardine.

Hereafter the regular meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Kincardine Hospital will be held on the fourth Tuesday of each month.

The Town Council of Kincardine at its regular meeting on February 10th gave a special grant of $100.00 to Kincardine General Hospital.

A pair of pillows have been donated by Mrs. George Emmerton, Purple Grove, to Kincardine Hospital. The ladies intend having a pound party at the opening of the hospital. Those wishing may donate one or more pounds of groceries, etc.

A crib for sick children was presented to the Kincardine General Hospital by Sabbath School Class No. 4 of Knox Church, Kincardine. "To the Glory of the Giver of All." By Matheson McGaw, Harry McKerracher, Newton Graham, Roy McDonald, Bert Stewart, Stanley Turnbull, Isaac Arthur Prior (Class Leader) Kin. Jany. 20th, 1910.

THE LADY GREY COUNTRY DISTRICT NURSING SCHEME.

The stimulus, which practically led to the establishing of the Victorian Order of Nurses, really came from the West and North, the stimulus which led to the development of the Cottage Hospital part of the Order's work, came from the North and West, and this past year the stimulus which has led to the development of the country part of the work came, too, from the West and North. All nurses, interested in their profession and in their Country, know and have reflected feelingly on the great need of the people, especially of the women, in the outlying parts of the Dominion, and in the newly-settled districts, for skilled nursing in time of illness.

From all parts had come letters dealing with the sufferings of the women in those parts, and so pressing did this need seem that the Board of Governors at their annual meeting in 1909, acting on the recommendation of the Chief Superintendent, passed a resolution desiring the Executive Council "to take such measures as they may deem proper to carry out the provisions of the Royal Charter as regards the establishing of district nurses in country districts, and that this new development be termed Lady Grey's Country District Nursing Scheme."

The facts which led the Chief Superintendent to make this recommendation were these: Many women in the North and West, principally, are suffering for want of proper nursing care; the children, the citizens of the future, are handicapped on the threshold of life by the ignorance of those, to whom they are entrusted, of the simple rules of health. Trained nurses—fully trained ones—are a necessity; the individual private nurse, dependent on her earnings for a livelihood, cannot be expected to do the work of caring for these people, as the money returns will be very doubtful. Most of the people are able to pay something, but a great many of them are unable to pay the full fee, and there will be times when the nurse will be unemployed.

So, from those facts, it can be seen that the work naturally ranged itself under a philanthropic nursing organization, and the Victorian Order being a national district nursing association, and being founded on such broad, altruistic principles, and, so, attracting the best women in the profession, seemed the only organization which could take up this work and carry it on successfully.

The plan is to form local associations in country districts for supplying nurses for the people on the farms, ranches and homesteads for twenty miles or so around. The nurse is to have her headquarters in the most central part of this large territory. She combines continuous and district nursing, and it is intended that she will be much more than a nurse to those people of the mountains, the foothills and the plains. We want her to be the visitor, friend, adviser and teacher of those women who need to be cheered, to be encouraged, kept interested in things, to be taught and advised. The nurse will become known to the people of her district and will be beloved by them, and she herself will be interested in all those families, will see the results of her teaching, as months go by, and will know that, through her efforts, there are many children saved from death or from something worse than death, that there are many women, sane, hopeful and healthy, who but for her would have been insane, despondent, invalid. The work is magnificent in its possibilities, and demands the best women in the profession, women with the real missionary spirit, without which a nurse is very far indeed from the ideal.

The first country district was opened in Lundbreck, Cowley and Livingston, in Southern Alberta, in May, 1909. Miss Mary Macdonald was the pioneer nurse appointed, and she entered into the work in all its fulness with a praiseworthy heartiness that has made of that branch a splendid success from the very first. Many stories might be written of the conditions found, and of the help and comfort given by the nurse. The welcome given her when she visits her ex-patients some months after she has left them, is pathetic in the extreme. In some cases the patient has not seen another white woman in the intervening months.

During the year a great deal of interest has been aroused in many localities in this part of the work. The Edmonton Local Council of Women appointed a committee to forward the Country District Nursing work, and they have decided to aid in establishing a Victorian Order nurse in Innisfail, Alberta, at once, and, later on, they will assist in establishing another in some other part of Alberta.

Good provisional commitees have been formed in the Northern Ontario districts, north of New Liskeard, and the chances are that before very long there will be many Victorian Order nurses at work in the rural parts of Canada. The enthusiasm displayed, and the pathetic stories, related so simply and so feelingly by the women present at the meetings addressed by the Chief Superintendent of the Order in different parts of the Country during the past nine months, were more eloquent than the words of a Demosthenes, for they spoke convincingly to the heart, of the great need for the kind of work that the Victorian Order is endeavoring to do under the Lady Grey Country District Nursing Scheme.

A post-graduate course in district nursing—four months—is given at one of the three training centres of the Order, at Ottawa, Montreal, or Toronto. For full information, apply to the Chief Superinendent, 578 Somerset Street, Ottawa, to the Montreal District Superintendent, 76 Mackay Street, Montreal, or to the Toronto District Superintendent, 206 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

The Guild of Saint Barnabas

CANADIAN DISTRICT

MONTREAL—St. John Evangelist, first Tuesday Holy Communion at M. G. H., 6.15 a.m. Second Tuesday, Guild Service or Social Meeting, 4 p.m. Third Tuesday, Guild Service at St. John's, 8.15 p.m. Last Tuesday Holy Communion at R. V. H., 6.15 a.m.

District Chaplain—Rev. Arthur French, 158 Mance Street.

District Superior—Miss Stikeman, 216 Drummond Street.

District Secretary—Miss M. Young, 36 Sherbrooke Street.

District Treasurer—Mrs. Messurvy, 37 Church Street.

TORONTO—St. Augustine's Parish House, 8 Spruce Street, last Monday, 8 p.m.

Chaplain—Rev. F. G. Plummer.

Superior—Mrs. Broughall (pro tem).

QUEBEC—All Saints Chapel, The Close. Guild service, fourth Tuesday, 8.15 p.m.

Chaplain—The very Rev. the Dean of Quebec.

Superior—Mrs. Williams, The Close.

Extracts from Report of the Montreal Branch for 1909.

Our roll now includes the names of 54 members, 5 associates and 16 honorary members, of whom 33 members, 3 assistants and 16 honorary members are in or near Montreal, the rest being scattered from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, in the United States and the West Indies. Though so far away and unable to be with us, however, these members still maintain their interest in the Guild and are glad to hear about its meetings.

During the year eight regular evening meetings and four afternoon meetings have been held, the average attendance being 20.1 in the evening and 10.1 in the afternoon. The averages, however, do not give a correct idea of the members present, as we have had an unusually large number of visitors during the year, and these are not included in the above figures. At the March meeting held, by the kindness of the Lady Superintendent, in the M. G. H., it was estimated that 106 were present in the chapel. At this meeting we had the pleasure of having with us the Bishop of Montreal, and he kindly gave the address and expressed his interest in the Guild and in the work of the nursing profession. The May meeting was held in the R. V. H., and in November we again met in the M. G. H., when the address was given by the Rev. G. R. Fother-

gill. The other evening meetings and the afternoon devotional meetings were held in the Chapel of S. John the Evangelist Church, the addresses being given by the chaplain or the Rev. A. J. Doull, associate priest. On Tuesday, June 8th, the Superior entertained the members of the Guild at tea, and the Anniversary Festival was kept on June 11th by celebrations of the Holy Communion at the Church of the Advent and the Church of S. John the Evangelist, the Anniversary service being held immediately after the celebration at the latter church.

The monthly celebration of the Holy Communion has been kept up at the R. V. H. and is much appreciated; it has been necessary to suspend the celebrations at the M. G. H. on account of alterations affecting the chapel there.

During Lent a few of the members did a little work for the V. O., and a parcel of things was taken up to Miss Lynch and proved very acceptable.

Special thanks are due to those nurses who, under the direction of Miss Tedford, have so kindly helped with the musical part of our services.

The Annual Meeting was held on January 8, 1910.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF SUPERINTENDENTS OF TRAINING SCHOOLS OF NURSES.

The Canadian Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses will hold its annual meeting in Toronto, on May 24th and 25th. The President is Miss Louise C. Brent, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto; the Treasurer, Miss A. Chesley, St. Luke's Hospital, Ottawa, and the Secretary, Mrs. M. House, City Hospital, Hamilton.

The above date was decided upon so that a better attendance might be secured both for the Superintendents' Association and for the Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario, the annual meeting of which will take place on May 23rd. Some of the papers to be presented before the Superintendents' Association are: "The Hospital from the Viewpoint of the Superintendent, the Superintendent of Nurses and the Nurse," "How can we Best Prepare Our Members for Hospital Positions," by Miss Sutherland, of Hartford, Connecticut. Miss Barwick will give a paper on "The Obligations of Nurses to the Public, the Physician and the Registry," and another important paper will be "The Keeping of Contracts," by Miss McKenzie. The members of the Association are looking forward to an enjoyable and helpful meeting, and all those who had the privilege of attending the 1909 meeting held at London are hoping they may have just such a good one in 1910 at Toronto.

WANTED.

We have received a great many requests for the January number of THE CANADIAN NURSE for this year. If anyone will be so good as to send a January number to the business office, 408 McKinnon Building, Toronto, we shall be grateful.

My Scallop Shell of Quiet

THE NURSE LEAVING THE HOSPITAL: THE GOLDEN RULE.

Here you have had admirable teachers, a well-watched experience, someone at hand to refer to, guidance, counsel and advice in every case of difficulty, at any moment of emergency. But what next? You are going out to earn your living among novel conditions for which your hospital life cannot fully prepare you. In place of numerous patients pledged by need and discipline to obey, you will have single patients. This may seem easier. By no means. There are new doctors, some of them unused to hospital ways, or with their own ideas, good or bad. There will be old doctors whom you may have slyly to educate. There will be patients unused to obey and of all classes. In one house you will find ease or excess of luxury, in another people living on narrow incomes, the wage of to-day the bread of to-morrow. I want you, I most earnestly want you, to keep before you the conception of what grave illness means in the ordinary household; I may say in any household.

Nothing asks for tact, kindness, good manners and Christian charity as does the life of a young nurse in a household where sickness makes an almost unbearable claim on modest resources. There you can be helpful, dutiful, compassionate, thoughtful of others and not too thoughtful of your own comfort, and of what is due to your position, or else you may do your mere duty, coldly and well, or while accurate and devoted, you may so do it as to disturb the servants, add a new trouble to grave illness, and make people doubly thankful to be done with all that sickness inflicts. And this is no unreal picture of what may occur. Indeed, your case will often be hard. You will be reckoned as a part of the disturbing elements of illness in a home. Servants rebel at the new demands. The mother whose place you take is jealous. Some nurses, not all, come out of this test of character with the thankful gratitude of all concerned. I do not know just how to counsel you, but the servant difficulty is a real one. To give efficiency to the advice to do to others as you would have them do to you, implies the power of putting yourself, as we say, in the place of those you are trying to help.

—*S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.*

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

The Canadian Permanent Army Medical Service (Nursing Branch).

The Canadian Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses.—President, Miss Brent, Superintendent Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto; Secretary, Mrs. House, Superintendent City Hospital, Hamilton.

The Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses. — President, Miss Snively, Toronto General Hospital; Sec. Treas., Miss F. M. Shaw, General Hospital, Montreal.

The Association of Hospital Superintendents of Canada.—President, Mr. H. E. Webster, Secretary Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal; Secretary, Dr. J. N. E. Brown, Medical Supt. General Hospital, Toronto.

The Canadian Nurses' Association.—President, Miss Balkie, 25 Lorne Ave., Montreal; Cor. Secretary, Miss Colley, 25 Hutchison St.; Rec. Sec., Miss Phillips, 45 Argyle Ave.

The Manitoba Association of Graduate Nurses.—President, Mrs. Bruce Hill, Corner Ellice and Carlton Streets, Winnipeg; Secretary, Miss Isabel Gauld, 375 Langside St., Winnipeg.

The Nova Scotia Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Miss Pemberton, "Restholm," Halifax; Secretary, Miss Kirke, Supt. Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.

The Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario.—President, Mrs. Currie, 175 College St.; Cor. Secretary, Miss Edith Hargrave, 146 Winchester St.; Rec. Sec., Miss Julia Stewart, 12 Selby St., Toronto.

The Victorian Order of Nurses.—Miss Mackenzie, Chief Superintendent, 578 Somerset St., Ottawa.

The Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses.

The Brockville Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Mrs. V. A. Lott; Sec., Miss Margaret Grant.

The Collingwood G. and M. Hospital Alumnae Asociation.—President, Miss Knox; Secretary, Miss J. E. Carr, Collingwood.

The Calgary Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Miss Dewar, 629 5th Ave. West; Secretary, Miss Rutherford, 506 4th St. West.

The Edmonton Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Miss Mitchell, Supt. Isolation Hospital; Secretary, Mrs. Manson, 630 Sixth St., Edmonton.

The Ottawa Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Mrs. H. C. Church, 81 First Avenue, Ottawa; Secretary, Miss Nellie E. Slack, 189 Metcalfe St., Ottawa.

The Fergus Royal Alexandra Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Pauline Martignoni, Supt. of Nurses, Toronto Orthopaedic Hospital; Sec-Treas., Miss Trout, Supt. of Nurses Royal Alexandra Hospital, Fergus.

The Galt General Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Mrs. Wardlaw; Secretary, Miss Adair.

The Guelph General Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Mrs. A. Anderson; Cor. Secy., Miss J. E. Anderson.

The Hamilton City Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Coleman; Cor. Secy., Miss Aitken.

The London Victoria Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Hannah; Secretary, Miss Gertrude Armstrong, care Mrs. Judge, Dorchester.

The Kingston General Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Frances Wilson, Union St., Kingston; Secy, Mrs. W. J. Crothers, Jr., 86 Barrie St.

The Montreal General Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss K. H. Brock, 59 Park Ave., Montreal; Cor. Secy., Miss S. Ethel Brown, 26 Melbourne Ave., Westmount.

The Montreal Royal Victoria Hospital Alumnae Association. — President, Miss Grant; Secretary, Mrs. Edward Roberts, 135 Colonial Ave., Montreal.

The Ottawa Lady Stanley Institute Alumnae Association.—President, Mrs. C. T. Ballantyne; Secy.-Treas., Miss M. K. Gallaher.

The St. Catharines G. and M. Hospital Alumnae Association—President, Miss L. Tuck; Secretary, Miss E. M. Elliott.

The Toronto Central Registry of Graduate Nurses.—Registrar, Mrs. Downey, 554 College St.

The Toronto General Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Mrs. A. E. Findlay, 649 Church St.; Cor. Secy., Mrs. N. Aubin.

The Toronto Grace Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss De Vellin, 505 Sherbourne St.; Secretary, Miss Allen, 9 Pembroke St.

The Toronto Graduate Nurses' Club.—President, Mrs. Pellatt, 7 Wells St, Secy., Miss E. Ross Greene, 416 Sumack St.

The Toronto Hospital for Sick Children Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Barnard, 608 Church St.; Cor. Secy., Miss Isaacs, Baldwin St.

The Toronto Riverdale Isolation Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Mathieson, Supt. Riverrale Isolation Hospital; Secretary, Miss Muriel Gale, Riverdale Isolation Hospital.

The Toronto St. Michael's Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Miss Power, 9 Pembroke St.; Secretary, Miss O'Mara, 9 Pembroke St.

The Toronto Western Hospital Alumnae Association.—President, Mrs. McConnell, 125 Major St.; Cor. Secy., Miss Butchart, 563 Bloor St. W.

The Winnipeg General Hospital Alumnae Association. — President, Miss Johns, Winnipeg General Hospital; Secy.-Treas., Miss Hood, 367 Langside St.

The Vancouver Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Mrs. W. F. Salsbury, 1340 Barnaby St.; Secretary, Miss Ruth Judge, General Hospital, Vancouver.

The Vancouver General Hospital Alumnae Association. — President, Miss Roycroft, 1036 Haro St., Vancouver, Secretary, Miss Jessie Hart, 2240 Westminster Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

The Victoria Graduate Nurses' Association.—President, Miss Keast, Carberry Gardens; Secretary, Miss Ethel Morrison, 1442 Elford St., Victoria.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S IMPERIAL MILITARY NURSING SERVICE.

15th January, 1910.

The following ladies have received appointments as Staff Nurses:—Misses F. L. Trotter, E. L. Murray, G. M. Grffiths, J. Todd, D. Turner, M. M. Davies, M. McNaughtan.

Postings and Transfers.

MATRONS.

Miss A. A. Murphy, to South Africa, from Mil. HP., Chatham.

SISTERS.

Miss E. Barber, to Mil. HP., Devonport, on return from Gibraltar.
Miss A. B. Wohlmann, to Cambridge HP., Aldershot, from Mil. HP., Tidworth.
Miss M. O'C. McCreery, to Mil. HP., Gibraltar, from Mil. HP., Malta.

STAFF NURSES.

Miss J. D. C. McPherson, to Military HP., Tidworth, on appointment.
Miss E. S. Killery, to the Alexandra HP., Cosham, on appointment.
Miss E. Lowe, to Cambridge HP., Aldershot, on appointment.
Miss E. G. Barrett, to T. S. "Plassy" for duty, from the Q. A. Mil. HP., Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.
Miss A. S. Siddons, to T. S. "Plassy" for duty, from Royal Vic. HP., Netley.
Miss S. W. Wooler, to T. S. "Plassy" for duty, from Mil. HP., Colchester.
Miss A. R. Sibbald, to South Africa, from the Alexandra HP., Cosham.
Miss V. L. Batteson, to South Africa, from Mil. HP., Tidworth.
Miss G. M. Bennet, to Mil. HP., Dover, from Mil. HP., Devonport.
Miss E. K. Parker, to Mil. HP., Hounslow, from The Alexandra HP., Cosham.
Miss E. A. Rutherford, to Mil. HP., Dover, from the Q. A. Mil. HP., Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.
Miss F. E. Manfield, to Egypt, from Royal Vic. HP., Netley.
Miss J. Todd, to Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, on appointment.
Miss M. M. Davies, to Mil. HP., Colchester, on appointment.
Miss E. L. Murray, to The Queen Alexandra Mil. Hospital, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W., on appointment.
Miss G. M. Griffiths, to The Queen Alexandra Mil. Hospital, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W., on appointment.
Miss F. L. Trotter, to The Queen Alexandra Mil. Hospital, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W., on appointment.
Miss D. Turner, to Mil. HP., Devonport, on appointment.
Miss M. McNaughtan, to Cambridge HP., Aldershot, on appointment.

APPOINTMENTS CONFIRMED.

Miss W. E. Eardley, Miss M. G. C. Foley.

ARRIVALS.

Miss M. C. S. Knox, R.R.C., Matron, from South Africa.
Miss C. Hutton Potts, Matron, from South Africa.
Miss R. Osborne, Sister, from South Africa.
Miss E. Barber, Sister, from Gibraltar.
Miss M. M. Blakely, Sister, from Egypt.

C. H. KEER,
Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S.

CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.

Army Medical Corps.

General Order 9, January, 1910.

Nursing Sisters Miss Alice Pepper and Miss Maie F. Foran are permitted to retire. 1st January, 1910.

To be a Nursing Sister: Miss Celestina Geen. 1st January, 1910.

F. L. LESSARD.

LETTER FROM DR. AVISON.

We have pleasure in publishing the following letter, kindly forwarded to us by Dr. Harley Smith:

Korea Mission of Presbyterian Church, Severance Hospital,
Seoul, Korea, January 23, 1910.

O. R. Avison, M.D.
J. W. Herst, M.D.
Miss E. L. Shields, Graduate Nurse.
Miss E. B. Burpeee, Graduate Nurse.

Dear Dr. Smith,—. . . . Referring again to the matter of a nurse I wonder if I could venture to trouble you to put an "ad." in the nursing journal you mentioned to me, asking for a nurse for our hospital; and also if you would have replies sent to you, and from amongst the answers, if you will select such as strike you as likely to suit us and put them in touch with Mr. L. H. Severance, Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, and Rev. Dr. Stanley White, 156 Fifth avenue, New York City. . . . .

Qualifications—Not an ordinary trained nurse to do all the nursing herself, but one with capacity to act as Superintendent, to be a leader, to teach and train nurses. She must be able to learn the language and so should have a fair preliminary education and be between twenty-five and thirty years of age, preferably—a devoted Christian, of course, and of good physique. Salary is $625.00, travelling expenses paid and an allowance for outfit.

Very sincerely,

O. R. AVISON.

Dr. Harley Smith, 57 Harbord St., Toronto.

[Many of our readers will, we are sure, be interested in this letter, and we hope some of them will write to Dr. Harley Smith.—Ed.]

Miss Bertha Russell, Graduate, '09, Grace Hospital, Toronto, has been appointed Operating Room Nurse, General Hospital, Paterson, New Jersey.

The Toronto Central Registry of Graduate Nurses have published a neat and convenient printed list of all the members of the Registry. It could easily be carried in a pocketbook or purse.

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Editorial

THE NURSE'S HEALTH.

Are all our readers careful to take care of their own health? Do you ever go without your dinner, or your breakfast, or your lunch, or your hours of sleep? Don't begin bad habits. It is so easy to begin being careless about your health. Did you ever read this from Professor Tyndall's writings?

Take care of your health. There have been men who by wise attention to this point might have made great discoveries, written great poems, commanded armies, or ruled states, but who by unwise neglect have come to nothing. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat: what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of habits.

THE MOTHER OF THE NAVY.

The Standard of Empire in an interesting review of the life of Miss Weston called "My Life Among the Blue Jackets," relates a beautiful incident about Victoria the Good.

Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, identified herself closely with this noble work, and lent it every possible personal encouragement. How much her encouragement meant to Miss Weston and to the men whom the great Queen called "My sailors," this book plainly shows. On one occasion Queen Victoria, in passing through a sailors' hospital, come to the bed of a dying seaman and inquired with womanly emotion if there was anything she could do for him. "No, your Majesty," he said. "I am past that; but would you thank my nurse, who has been so kind to me." Her Majesty turned to the nurse, and speaking with deliberate loudness, for all the ward to hear, said: "I thank you very much for your kindness to *my son.*" It is no wonder that her sailors loved her. And indeed there is little chance of men not loving their sovereign and their flag when they come under Miss Weston's influence; for patriotism and devotion to King, country and the service are of the essence of the religious teaching which she has been instrumental in conveying by word of mouth, by letter and by personal influence and example to so many thousands of blue jackets. The record of her life which this volume contains is one of the most stirring autobiographies of modern times. After a life of almost three-score years and ten, Miss Weston writes: "I rejoice that I live among my own people. . . Can you wonder, after reading these simple annals of my life among our blue jackets, that I wish nothing better than to live and die in such happy service, and that the advice of a nautical friend will, I hope, be acted upon: 'As long as you have any sea-legs left keep the bridge'?" No, we cannot wonder, but we can and do admire—gratefully.

THE NEW HOSPITAL AT OSHAWA.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the new Hospital at Oshawa, which is now being erected at a cost of $10,000.00 and will have fourteen beds, is to be opened on or about June 1st. The new hospital is beautifully situated in the north part of Oshawa, which is one of the prettiest towns in Canada.

Dr. J. F. W. Ross, of Toronto, is to donate a beautiful operating table. The citizens of Oshawa are showing no little public spirit in this matter. The Ladies' Aid Society, with Mrs. Robert Williams and Mr. Storie and others to encourage them, have worked hard for four years.

THE MOTHER IN THE WEST.

The question of sending out nurses from England to our West is once again being mentioned in some English nursing journals and not very wisely presented. We give below the opinion of one of our staff who lives in the West and knows whereof she speaks, and also an excellent, "Something Worth Doing," from "Lilian Laurie" of the Winnipeg Free Press. Once more we call on the Canadian Government to take the lead in solving this problem. The small Government Hospital is the solution most likely to be successful just at present. Could it not be established at the posts of the R. N. W. M. P. or the Hudson's Bay Company?

"Properly qualified midwives would, I should say, be of immense use on the prairies, but they do not solve the question of the poor farm homes. It isn't so much a case of providing for those who can pay as for those who cannot. I don't fondly imagine for one moment that midwives from England or anywhere else are going to come out here and work far harder than they do at home for less money than is charged by Canadian trained nurses. They would be fools if they did. Her plan is only roughly mapped out but would, I should think, be worth looking into. I don't see why we should import nurses or midwives either—there are enough training schools in Canada graduating women who know Canadian customs and conditions. The thing is to solve the financial end of it. It stands to reason, I think, that women from England with no particular stake in the country and no sense of national obligation are not any more likely to make martyrs of themselves than the domestic variety. The idea that they will go out into the country districts is a fallacy. There are rafts of them in Winnipeg, and the situation is not relieved in the country districts. This thing should be handled by the Government through the municipalities, to my mind."

SOMETHING WORTH DOING.

"It is years since the women of Western Canada began to write to me about the need for trained nurses in the country districts; and they have been writing ever since about it; and yet no one has formulated a plan that would meet that need. I do not mean in the least to disparage the works being done by the

various orders of nurses. But nurses must live if they are to do the work necessary, and to live they must have money. Now at the present time there are people on homesteads who could not pay the salary of a trained nurse, and yet such people are just as liable to get sick as those who could pay for two nurses if they wanted them.

Then, too, there are many districts which are so sparsely settled that a nurse, even receiving the regular salary, would not get enough work to enable her to stay there. But there are many people, especially women and children, in such districts who die or become chronic sufferers because of lack of skilled attention during sickness.

Some statisticians have taken the trouble to compile a table showing the economic value of a child to a country; and also, of grown people at various ages. The table is interesting, and while I forget the exact figures I remember that a human being is regarded as an important asset; and surely to a new country like ours, a life is of great value merely economically, not to speak of the promptings of humanity, that would or should impel us to do all we can to save life. I had thought of a solution. It is not original and it may not materialize, but I think it is feasible, and that with good women behind it, it should be effective. I received the suggestion from the Peel County Women's Institute of Ontario. The members of that institute had day dreams and the dreams resulted in a desire to work for a definite object. The first definite object that appealed to the members was the desire to endow a cot in a hospital. The Central Institute, however, had not dreamed a large enough dream. The women all over the country began to have day dreams and at last they said, "No, not a cot, but let us have a whole hospital."

That, of course, looked big, almost too big, to the promoters, but they went to work. A bazaar was held and $800 was taken in with but little expense. Other branches are at work and already the hospital is more than a day dream. It is an assured reality in time.

Of course I know that the women of Western Canada are not organized into clubs and institutes, but there is no reason why they should not be. And my purpose in writing this is to say that the women in our towns and villages could do much to assist in this work. The women in this country can doubtless do much, but it is much more difficult for them to get the women from the surrounding country together than it would be for the women in a central place like a village or town.

The Saskatchewan Government is working out a plan now to organize clubs for men and women all over the province; Manitoba is also going to do something of the same kind, but there is no need for our women to wait for the Government. Let them get to work and organize a club themselves, a club not only for the country women but a club for all women interested in the work.

Then with these clubs organized it would be an easy matter to give a few entertainments and get enough money in the treasury to send for a trained nurse and guarantee her a living wage of say $500 a year, and then have a contract with her that she is not to charge members of the club more than a fixed sum, that she must if possible go whenever and wherever she is wanted,

and that the society will pay the charges where the patient cannot afford to do so.

Of course I do not mean at all to set this down as a hard and fast line, for the theoretical and the working plan are often different, but I make this suggestion for whatever it is worth and I would like to hear from the women in our towns and villages, and the women on farms, as to whether they think this plan could be made practical.

Of course some of the clubs would necessarily be formed out in the country far from a town or village; but I think the fact should not interfere with their efficiency. I am sure the women would only be too glad to open their homes for the meetings and not many districts could not make in some way the sum necessary to guarantee the nurse a living wage.

A bazaar in Winnipeg recently netted the Children's Hospital about $3,000. A benefit ball increased the treasury of the Knowles' Home $700; the bazaar in Brampton brought in $800. Enough money from three entertainments to pay nine nurses $500 each for one year.

What do our women readers in the West think of the idea. I am interested to know, so please do not wait. Let us thresh out the subject and if the plan is feasible let us hope for the organization of dozens of clubs before next autumn.

Address all communications to Lillian Laurie, Editorial Department Free Press, Winnipeg, Man."

NEWS FROM FOUR GENERAL HOSPITALS.

WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, TORONTO.

Important events have occurred in the last few weeks in the history of four of our greatest General Hospitals.

Mr. W. Sanford Evans, Mayor of Winnipeg; Dr. C. I. Sharpe, Mr. G. F. Galt, Mr. A. L. Johnson, and other representative citizens of Winnipeg have outlined a comprehensive plan of hospital extension and improvement which will meet the growing needs of that great city, involving an expenditure of over one million dollars.

Mr. Galt made a splendid appeal for better and larger accommodation for the nurses and for equipment for medical research and all the scientific work of a modern hospital.

At a conference of the Hospital Committee of the City Council, representatives of the General Hospital and representatives of the two city medical societies, the matter was discussed at length. A scheme of hospital co-operation was presented in the communication from Dr. C. T. Sharpe. This communication described a central institution, with subsidiary or emergency hospitals in North Winnipeg, Weston, Fort Rouge, St. James and Elmwood. Other suggestions were a hospital for infectious diseases with day and night camps, with the city health officer as the chief of staff; a fresh air camp for poor children; the placing of the emergency hospitals near the suburban police stations so that the former might have the use of police patrol wagons for ambulance work; the building up of a strong cen-

tral institution in the interests of medical education; a fully equipped pathological department at the central institution; a police ward at the central institution, to which inebriates could be committed by a police magistrate; semi-public wards in which patients could choose their physicians; election to the board of the central institution of four city representatives for three years, or alternatively the making of the Mayor, the chairman of the Health and Hospital Committees and one other member of the Council ex-officio members of the board; the health officer to be an ex-officio member of the board; the staff to give the clinical teaching; deeding to the city of hospital sites; the keeping of a registry in co-operation with the associated charities in order to prevent pauperism; the Children's Hospital to devote itself exclusively to medical cases and the board of the central institution to act in an advisory capacity to the Children's Hospital Board.

The beautiful hospital by the Bow River, which we saw nearing completion last August, has just been formally opened amid impressive and interesting ceremonies, and we hope to publish a full account, with illustrations, if possible, in our next number. The *Calgary Albertan* suggests in the following leading article that women should be placed on the Hospital Board:—

"At the next annual meeting of the Calgary General Hospital subscribers it would be well to discuss the advisability of placing a certain number of women upon the Hospital Board. The women have done much, probably most, in the work of the General Hospital. The work of the Hospital Board is one of detail to some extent, and the women members would give very valuable service in this respect. They would prevent the board from going into many pitfalls. They would be a real strength to the Hospital Board."

Plans are well on the way for a magnificent new hospital at Edmonton, worthy of that beautiful city, which is destined to be also one of the greatest cities in Canada. Some suggestions have been made looking towards placing the hospital directly under municipal control. This is strongly disapproved of by the *Edmonton Evening Journal,* as shown by the following extracts from a leading article:—

"Further information leads to a conviction that such an action would not only deprive the hospital of a representative board, which has piloted the project through many discouraging paths, and which has pledged itself individually to endorse amounts which during the present year will amount to over $100,000, but will also divorce the maintenance of the hospital from the support of private citizens.

The board of the Winnipeg General Hospital, after thorough investigation, agreed that municipal management was neither feasible nor wise.

Liberal grants are expected and due from the city, but private administration has proven essential for the ultimate welfare and success of a city hospital."

Toronto General Hospital has just received a donation of $250,000 from one of Toronto's favorite sons, Mr. J. C. Eaton, who presents this large gift in memory of his father, Mr. T. Eaton. The gift will build the surgical wing. The outdoor department will be proceeded with this spring.

THE LADY GREY NURSING SCHEME.

Another excellent plan for supplying nurses where they are badly, even fatally, wanted, is to be found in our V. O. Department this month from the pen of the Chief Lady Superintendent. The Lady Grey Country District Nursing Scheme has out heartiest sympathy and warmest wishes for its success.

PARIS.

No one of us but lamented the misfortunes of the gay and beautiful City of Paris and rejoiced to learn the great flood subsided. We have the greatest pleasure in publishing this month a brief article by a Canadian nurse in Paris, Miss Tripp. The Paris nurses, home and foreign, nobly did their share.

EDITORIAL NOTES

ENGLAND.

NURSES AS INSPECTORS.

Mr. John Burns, as President of the Local Government Board, has appointed three lady inspectors to serve under the board, viz.:—

Mrs. Andrews, who was formerly on the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and who holds the hospital certificate and gold medal, and has had experience in the supervision of boarded-out children; Miss Lea, who, after obtaining a certificate of training at the London Hospital and the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board, became a Queen's nurse, and is now an inspector under Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute; and Miss Todd, who holds certificates from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the London Obstetrical Society and the Central Midwives' Board, and has had considerable experience in connection with poor-law institutions.

It will be the duty of these inspectors, acting under Miss Stansfield, who is now an assistant general inspector in the Metropolitan District, and who will in future act as superintendent in relation to the lady inspectors, to undertake the inspection of the maternity wards, nurseries, infirmaries, and the nursing arrangements in poor law institutions. They will further assist in inspecting schools to which pauper children are sent under the Poor Law Act, and also in inspecting the work of committees appointed in connection with the boarding-out of pauper children, and, so far as may be necessary, the children themselves.

This is a great step in advance and a matter for congratulation to every member of the nursing profession.

INDIA.

THE CALCUTTA NURSES' CLUB.

A Branch Nurses' Club has been opened in Calcutta, which will be a great boon to members of the profession there. There are already nearly fifty members, with five in residence. Lady Minto lent the scheme her support and the club was formally opened by Lady Baker.

SWEDEN.

THE SOPHIA HOME.

This is the name of one of the best Swedish Training Schools for Nurses. The "Sophia Sisters" have a Pension Fund of their own and also a Rest Home.

GREAT BRITAIN.

KING EDWARD'S OPINION.

His Majesty, on a recent public occasion, said in matters of life and death the services of trained nurses are no less essential than those of a physician and surgeon.

ITALY.

ROME.

Miss Dorothy Snell will be the first Superintendent of Nurses at the new Training School for Nurses in Rome in connection with the Polyclinic Hospital. Miss Snell begins her work on March 1st. She was formerly matron of a Military Hospital, and was one of the Army Sisters in South Africa during the war.

JAPAN.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

The International Council of Nurses announce that Miss Hagiwara, who won all hearts at the London Conference, will be the First Honorary Vice-President of the Council from Jepan.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

NATIONAL RED CROSS.

The reorganization of this splendid organization is now complete with nine nurses on the Committee, all of whom, says the *American Journal of Nursing*, "Stand for advancement in some line of nursing," with Miss Delano as chairman.

HOSPITALS AND NURSES

We are indebted to Sister M. Austin, of the Sisters of Charity, Halifax, for a copy of the Annual Report of the Hamilton Memorial Hospital, North Sydney, C.B. Some extracts from the report follow:—

The citizens of North Sydney may rejoice in the thought that the much needed hospital, donated by their generous benefactor, Mr. A. G. Hamilton, in memory of his son, is now complete and desirous to extend its benevolent care to one and all, irrespective of class or denomination.

Mr. Hamilton requested the Sisters of Charity of Halifax to take charge of the work, and after carefully considering the undertaking the Superior of Mount St. Vincent finally acquiesced, and the close of the summer season, 1908, saw the fulfilment of his wishes.

That the people have manifested their appreciation of the institution has been proven by the many liberal donations which have contributed so largely to promote its progress.

Many thanks are due to the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary who sacrificed precious moments in behalf of this grand work.

The hospital is large and provides accommodation for about twenty-four patients. The location is most picturesque and healthful. Being built on the summit of a steep hill it commands a splendid view of the harbor and surrounding landscape.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND KEEP IT CIRCULATING

Therein lies the essence of the successful treatment of pneumonia.

The phagocytes are the scavengers of the blood, but unless the affected part receives the full amount of the normal flow with its opsonins, resisting power is lost. In pneumonia it is necessary to either increase the opsonic index of the blood, so that the small amount reaching the congested lungs may be of normal opsonic value, or dilate the vessels and let the blood freely circulate, carring the phagocytes into the lungs.

Heat is the best dilater of the blood-vessels, and an antiseptic poultice is the best agent for conveying moist heat.

Antiphlogistine
(Inflammation's Antidote)

offers an ideal method for the application of moist heat. It will keep the blood circulating because of its action upon the sympathic nervous system, which contrls the circulation.

Schaffer, of Stuttgart, in his last treatise on the "Influence of Hot Air upon Inflammation," says: "Dry or wet hot compresses are more effective than hot air, as in Bier's method. Local warmth proved an excellent means of securing arterial dilation and accelerated circulation.

Free Circulation + Perfect Elimination = Restoration to Normal

In pneumonia, Antiphlogistine should be applied hot and thick over the thoracic walls (front, sides and back) and covered with a cotton-lined cheese cloth jacket.

Bronchitis, Pleurisy and Croup have a determined antagonist in Antiplogistine. It must always be applied at least ⅛ inch thick, and as hot as can be borne comfortably.

THE DENVER CHEMICAL MFG. CO.
NEW YORK

One of its special features is the operating room, which is equipped with every convenience, and the many operations here during the past year have been most successful.

Four deaths have occurred at the hospital during the year.

Miss Etheridge has been appointed Superintendent of the new Children's Hospital at Halifax, N.S.

A school for crippled children is to be erected in connection with the Children's Memorial Hospital at Montreal.

Miss L. L. Rogers, who is now Superintendent of School Nurses at Pueblo, Colorado, has been made an honorary member of the Pacific Coast School Nurses' Association.

The new Children's Hospital at Halifax has won its way to the hearts of the people. The *Halifax Evening Mail* says some very interesting things about it.

Some of the letters which accompany contributions to the Children's Hospital these days make the sort of reading which may be accurately described as "illuminating"—they are the kind of letters which simply seem to flood the office of the treasurer with sunshine, showing as they do how the grace of unselfishness flourishes where its opposite would seem to be most forgivable.

For instance, here is a letter from a little fishing village along the Eastern Shore, from Marie Joseph, which is so much better and more interesting in itself than anything *The Mail* could say about it, that we publish it in full:—

"Marie Joseph.

"Mr. Dennis,—Enclosed please find $1 (one dollar), Johnnie and Stowell Clark, aged 8 years, wish to enroll in the league; also Georgie Westhaver and his little sister Amy. We therefore are sending 25 cents each and whatever we can save outside of this we are going to do so. How young is the youngest child in the hospital now? While we were writing our letter our little brother, Georgie Clark, dropped in with 25 cents also, and wishes to join us. Would any little clothes or toys or pictures be of any use to the little boys and girls?

"We will close our letter with love and a happy New Year to all the little brothers and sisters in the hospital.

"JOHNNIE STOWELL,
"GEORGIE CLARK,
"GEORGIE WESTHAVER,
"AMY WESTHAVER."

Marie Joseph, as most Halifax people know, is not a place in which "bloated bondholders" flourish apace—on the contrary, it is just a little fishing village along the Eastern Shore.

As we have said, the letter from these boys and girls is delightful reading, for the $1.25 from them is equal to quite $125.00 from some boys and girls we know.

Then a day or two ago came a letter from the veteran City Missionary Theakston, enclosing—will the public please take notice—$4.60 "from some of the poor folk of the City Mission."

We have the letter before us and this is its concluding clause:—"We look

NO. TYPES OF ANEMIA 2

POST TYPHOIDAL ANEMIA

is due to two causes:

1. A prolonged iron-poor milk diet;
2. The prostration incident to continued illness.

Hematinic treatment is urgently needed during convalescence.

Pepto-Mangan (Gude)

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Our Bacteriological Wall Chart or our Differential Diagnostic Chart will be sent to any Physician upon application.

The Marvel Syringe

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The following gifts were received at the hospital from December 25th to January 6th:—"Sympathy," Lunenburg, $1.00; Alderman Douglas, $10.00; F. W. Bowes, proceeds of Christmas night concert at Birchdale, $3.60; Leigh C. Barss, 50 cents.

Mr. Dennis, Treasurer of the Children's Hospital, acknowledges receipt of the following sums:—W. M. P. Webster, $10.00; Poor Folks of North End Mission, per Major Theakston, $4.60; Johnnie, George and Stowell Clark, Georgie and Amy Westhaver, of Marie Joseph, $1.25; Hilda J. Smith, $1.00; Alice G. Mitchell, Whycocomagh, 25 cents; Gordon Goodridge, Halifax, 25 cents.

Also the following donations:—Miss M. B. O'Dell, large framed picture; Messrs. C. J. Grant & Co., white enamel paint, walnut strain, paint brushes and eight granite basins; Mrs. Cowie, Middleton, one box books, one large box toys, half a dozen boxes dolls, two large dolls, one chair; Mrs. A. B. Wiswell, box toys; Miss M. J. Doyle, half dozen picture books; Mrs. Uniacke, thirteen large sheets, 21 small sheets, toys, four pairs slippers, two spreads, one turkey; Wentzell's, wholesale grocers, large box candied cherries; Miss M. J. Clayton, nine books; J. J. Scriven & Sons, Christmas cake; Myrtle Walsh, Gladys Jordan, Gracie Boggs, paper dolls; Evelyn Ritchie Woodill, Winnipeg, child's high chair; Phyllis deCartaret, horse, monkey and train; Roland Symons, three games; Aubrie Morton, book; Eva Graham, dog and book; Alfred Myers, toy horse; James Pickles, toys and books; A Friend, oak medicine case; Clyde Davidson, large "Teddy" bear and six monkeys; Derry Rae, package books; Hilda Smith, books.

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The Executive Committee of the G. N. A. O. met at the Residence, Hospital for Sick Children, on Friday, Feb. 25th, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Pellatt presided, and those present were: Misses Brent, Mathieson, Gray, Greene, Barnard, Kennedy, Wardell, Neilson and Stewart. Arrangements for an attractive and interesting programme for the Annual Meeting are being made. In view of the interest being taken in the subject of the medical inspection of schools, it is hoped to have a paper by Miss Rogers, who was formerly Superintendent of School Nurses in New York. Miss Janet Neilson will give a paper on her work among the tubercular out-patients of the Toronto General Hospital, and there will also be a report of the work of the Heather Club. It is hoped that Mrs. Paffard will give a paper on Registration, and a number of demonstrations are being arranged for. The date of the Annual Meeting has not definitely been decided on, but will be either May 23rd or 24th. It will be announced, however, in the April issue of the "Canadian Nurse," together with the programme. The Committee is sending letters on the subject of Registration for Nurses to the various nursing organizations in the Province, also to the heads of Training Schools and Hospital Boards, hoping in this way to prepare the way for our next attempt to secure legislation.

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